

The Scranton Tribune

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When space will permit, The Tribune is always glad to print short letters from its friends bearing on current topics, but its rule is that these must be signed, for publication, by the writer's real name.

TEN PAGES.

SCRANTON, OCTOBER 3, 1899.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

State. Justice of the Supreme Court—J. HAY BROWN, of Lancaster. Judge of the Superior Court—JOSIAH R. ADAMS, of Philadelphia. State Treasurer—LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES E. LAURETT, of Washington.

County. Commissioners—JOHN COURIER MORRIS, of Scranton; JOHN PENMAN, of Olyphant. Auditors—WILLIAM E. JOHNS and ASA E. KIEFER, both of Scranton. Election day, Nov. 7.

The report of the special committee of the Scranton Underwriters' association upon the present condition of the Scranton fire department, summarized elsewhere, indicates a healthy spirit of improvement, for which citizens generally will be duly thankful.

A Republican Opportunity. OUR DEMOCRATIC friends, by the nomination of a county ticket which practically ignores the large German-American element ordinarily voting with that party, have taken a position which at least has the merit of candor.

With the wisdom or unwisdom of this policy we are not concerned. From a Republican standpoint it clears the way for an easy Republican victory provided those vainglorious factional bosses who started in to parade the Republican ticket as a factional possession are pulled off by the candidates' friends and the Republican party is permitted, as in decency it should, to mass at the polls its undivided strength.

The speech of Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the navy, accompanying the presentation to Admiral Dewey of the nation's sword of honor, rises to the highest plane of American oratory and reflects upon its distinguished author new and permanent credit. Read it in full.

The Yacht Race.

OF COURSE no American is anxious to lose a trophy and which cluster so many glorious traditions of American superiority are connected with the history of the America's cup, and it goes without saying that the defenders of this symbol are expected to do their level best to retain it on this side of the water.

But, from the standpoint of pure sport, would it not be advantageous if Sir Thomas Lipton's boat should win the cup? Without taking account of the money that he has expended in order to make this challenge—a sum not far from \$1,000,000—nor sharing the sentimental feeling which, in view of his being a jolly good fellow would be quietly pleased if success should attend his sportsmanlike efforts, there is for consideration the possibility that one loss of the cup, after so many continuous victories, would exercise a vitalizing influence upon the genius of American yacht designers, and lead to popular interest in future competitions of this kind.

This theorizing, to be sure, does not imply that the Shamrock ought to have the cup without earning it fairly. It is merely an anchor to windward in case she should win it, as, in view of yesterday's result, we incline to believe she will.

Prosperity is a sure cure for political delusions, but it generally needs a season of adversity to remedy the astringent mania.

A Diplomatic Gem.

SOME TIME ago the Bricklayers' and Stonemasons' union of Chicago sent to President McKinley a card of honorary membership. The union had declared a strike on the new federal building in Chicago because the low bidder for supplying the cut stone—a Maine firm—employed non-union labor. The union reasoned that if the president accepted the card of membership he could not consistently accept the invitation of the people of Chicago to come to that city and lay the corner stone of the building except upon condition that the corner stone was a product of union labor. The union, in other words, proposed to use the president

as a weapon in its war upon the Maine contractors.

On Saturday last this difficulty was adjusted by a compromise arrangement whereby the union agreed to furnish the corner stone upon condition that the local federal officials would use their good offices as individuals to induce congress to pass a law requiring all holders of government contracts to employ union labor exclusively. But before this solution was reached the president, through his secretary, Mr. Porter, sent to the union an acknowledgment of its membership card which is a diplomatic gem. This was it:

"The president has no personal knowledge of your constitution and laws, in accepting this kindly tender of honorary membership, or in the case of many other organizations extending similar courtesies, which the president assumes impose upon him no obligation or restraint inconsistent with his duty as chief executive of all the people, he is gratified to interpret it as an expression of your confidence and good will. Assuring you of the president's deep sympathy with every worthy moral and material advancement, believe me, sincerely yours,

John Addison Porter, Secretary to the President.

"In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."

It is true that Admiral Schley in New York got more hand-clapping than Admiral Sampson; and if we remember our history correctly, Aaron Burr was more of a favorite with the multitude—until found out—than Alexander Hamilton. But the judgment of the judicious, founded on unalterable facts of record, gives to Sampson, in spite of the mob, the credit which is his due; and this is the judgment which lives.

A Righteous Cause.

(From a Sermon Preached in Trinity Church, New York, by Rev. Morgan Dix.)

THERE are things which elevate the people, and things which demoralize and corrupt. There here worship is one of the things which deprave and depress, and sympathy with a bloody war of aggression and conquest for war's sake is another. Now, be it noted—and will not all right-minded folk note this—that the people have never been worshipping nor applauding an unjust or unholy war. And the great point to be made today is this, that the scenes of the past week do not imply the dishonorable worship of a mere world hero. Our brave soldiers are now fighting, it is true, but they are not fighting out a war of conquest, nor are they engaged in a censurable and unjust strife. The position in which the nation now finds itself is not one which it sought, nor is it one which it desires to hold on to beyond the time when it can be vacated with safety and due regard to solemn obligation.

The civilized world comprehends our position; the verdict of mankind is that the work which we have in hand is one which we cannot lay aside, and it must go on until those ends are accomplished for which we are contending in honesty of purpose and in loyalty to the interests of the human race. I cannot imagine how any one can read that chapter in our history in which the scene is laid in the far-off East without feeling that some unseen and mysterious power has been and is at work conducting, compelling a certain end which must be accomplished, and by peaceful methods, if it were possible, but if not peacefully, then by the whole force of the powers of the state. We are working toward the emancipation of the races in bondage, not for foreign conquest, not for the repression of any legitimate aspirations, not for the subjugation of an inferior people, who know their true interests and are able to attain them, but for freedom, for education, for art of self-government, for stable institutions and the repression of the enemies of progress and light.

This celebration of the past two days has had a double meaning. It goes to honor an illustrious servant of the state; it also goes to show that the people are at least loyal to high principle and set on supporting the government so long as the government is right. Could we have decorated our sacred edifice with the national colors and have flung the flag to the breeze if we had deemed the war still going on an unholy war—a war of unjust aggression, a war fraught with disgrace to the stary standard which floats above our heads?

For one I believe the motive which impels us to pursue the course on which we have entered is a pure motive, needing no apology, calling for no defense, but founded on reverence for the principles which go to alleviate the condition of inferior races and enlarge the general hope of the human race. May I venture to predict—take the country all through—that none of us will see the day on which the people will withdraw from that which they accept as a grave and terrible and a real responsibility, and, by failing short of duty to modern civilization, and to an inferior race unexpectedly thrown on our hands, incurring the derision of other nations and of mankind?

Concerning the technical merits of the controversy between Venezuela and Great Britain which only a few years ago came near getting us into a war with England, few Americans now remember anything definite. But in a general way it is gratifying to them to have a unanimous verdict by an international court of arbitration affirming in effect the justice of their interpolation in Venezuela's behalf; and if there is gratitude in Venezuela it will not soon forget its debt to the Monroe doctrine as affirmed and defended by the United States.

country which educated him and provided for him an honorable career, with marks of distinction and confidence away beyond the average, he deliberately robbed, betraying a solemn trust in a most villainous and wanton manner. For such a crime the sentence passed is light.

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, according to published portraits, has the appearance of one who would prove a stubborn foe if arrayed on the side of the Boers to resist invaders. His countenance is broad and wears a look of determination, while his whiskers are even more luxuriant than those of Oom Paul and Josh Joubert.

In these days of welcome to naval heroes, when Colonel Bryan's speeches fail to excite more than a two-line heading in the papers, it would seem an exhibition of good judgment on the part of the orator of adversity to retire for a season and give his larynx a rest.

It is to be hoped that the fact that Admiral Dewey is now occupying the home at Washington owned by the mother of the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, will not arouse Hon. Henri Watterson to renewed activity as a president-maker.

Philadelphia cricketers should not be surprised at defeat at the hands of Prince Ranjitsingh. The name of the captain of the English team should have been convincing proof that the Americans had encountered a hoodoo.

Those who were not fortunate enough to get a glimpse of Dewey the other day may console themselves that they will have an opportunity of witnessing the finest firemen's parade ever seen in Scranton.

HUMAN NATURE STUDIES.

Used His Imagination.

Twenty years ago Lafcadio Hearn, the noted author, was a reporter on the staff of a Cincinnati newspaper. One day a famous steep-climber was going to scale the spire of the cathedral to repair the cross that topped the spire 30 feet above the sidewalk. The climber, who had scaled the spire thousands of people watched him breathlessly as he slowly made his way up the outside of the steeple. Of course he was interviewed and he said boastfully that the task was so easy that he could just as well carry a man up on his back. That noon Hearn said faintly to his city editor that he had read of the steep-climber's offer and would be glad to ascend the spire on his back. The editor tried to point out to Hearn the peril of the thing, but he would not listen. Finally, the steep-climber and Hearn arranged their end of the feat. At the appointed hour Hearn mounted the steep-climber's shoulders and the dizzy journey began. Tens of thousands of people watched the foehardy pair. At last the cross was reached and Hearn left his perch on the climber's shoulders. The mob in the street, who had seen and gloried in the view he had obtained from the steeple top. Such a glowing description of a city from such a great height has never been recorded since. The most interesting thing about it was the fact that Hearn was so near-sighted he could not see five feet beyond the tip of his nose.

Major Hayes' Inherited Luck.

The success of Major Webb C. Hayes in the Spanish-American war recalls to an old soldier a recollection of Webb's father, Rufus W. Hayes. Says the veteran: "General Hayes told me once of an experience in the Lynchburg campaign which I shall never forget. "The Unionists had been out-numbered and probably cut-manuevered, and were falling back, pursued by the Confederates. Hayes was ordered to hold the enemy in check in the rear by the capture of the enemy and supply wagons were safe. He promptly entrenched himself and erected barricades of logs and stone fences. He had General Hastings, the son of the gorge and Major William McKinley, now president, to hold the other, while he took personal charge of the center. The night wore on and soon the firing began. "Suddenly General Hayes saw men wounded and staggering in front of one of his barricades, and in the darkness took them for his own soldiers. He ordered the firing to cease, and ran himself out of the lines to save them as far as he could. A few feet from the common he heard a man moaning. He picked him up and carried him within the lines and said gently in the dark: "My boy, what regiment do you belong to?" "The man gasped: 'I'm one of Early's brigade.' "The general had run into a body of Confederate troops and had been known the history of the Republic might have been changed."

Texas Fosters Jurists.

At Langtry, Texas, says the San Francisco Wave, "Squire Roy Bean, who administers justice and keeps the leading saloon, had to sit in judgment on one Jim Anderson, a red-headed railroad clerk who had killed Al Jones, a laundryman, for, as he claimed, insulting him. Anderson was arrested and brought before Magistrate Bean, who failed to the evidence, which were given by the accused himself, and then proceeded to turn the pages of his copy of the revised statutes: "This here book, which is a Texas law book," he announced, "says that homicide is the killing of a human, male or female. There is many kinds of hominy side—murder, manslaughter, plain hominy side, near-side, and the like. The hominy side an' praiseworthy hominy side. They is three kinds of human—white men, negroes an' Mexkians. It stan's to reason that a Chinyan the ain't human. If a Chinyan was human, killing of him would come under the head of praiseworthy hominy side. The nite her is discharging on consitions that he pays fr' havin' 'th' Chink buried.' Since this decision the laundry work of Langtry has been done wholly by Mexicans."

Wanted a Handsome Picture.

A local photographer tells a story of a young man who came into the studio one day and asked personally if he might have a little conversation with him. The visitor was painfully ugly, and, after some awkward blushing and indefinite allusions, he asked the artist if he supposed he had among his samples a picture of any young man who looked like him, but was better-looking. "Well, do you mean, young man?" asked the photographer. "Well," replied he, making a clean breast of it, "I am just engaged to be married. The young lady lives down in Dewaburgh. She is going home tomorrow. She says she things I'm so good she doesn't mind my being homely, out she wants a good-looking picture to take home with her to show the girls"—"The Bells."

Her Father Objected.

A young woman who patronizes the free library at San Jose was anxious to read Hopkinson Smith's "Tom Grogan," but whenever she called for it the book was invariably "out." She begged then that the librarian would notify her by tele- phone as soon as the book came in, so that she could come at once and get it.

The book was returned next day, and the librarian telephoned. It was the girl's father who answered. "Tom Grogan," he shouted indignantly, "So Tom Grogan wants my daughter to come after him. Look here, you tell that young man from me, if he wants to see my daughter he had better come here and do it."—San Francisco Wave.

One on Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott spends much of his spare time, when in New York, in one of the deep alleys in the old Astor Library, where the table in front of him is littered with books and strewn with papers. The attendants all know him, and his wants are never neglected. When the doctor is at work he buries himself in his book, his gray hairs are thickened by the volume, and as long as he reads he is dead to the rest of the world.

Not long ago another industrious bookworm visited the library and called for a certain book. "I think Dr. Abbott has it," replied the clerk. It was so, and the student was forced to wait. He sat there with his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed on the door, very much against his will. Soon afterward still another man came in and went over to the aisle in which the doctor and his rival sat, says the Philadelphia Post. He called for no book, but was merely looking around aimlessly. "Looking for a book?" asked the rival. "Well," he added slowly and sternly, "if you are looking for any book, that man over there (pointing to the doctor) has it, and he will keep it, sir, for a whole year."

Russell Sage's Generosity.

"You often see it stated in the New York newspapers that that great-hearted, open-handed man, Russell Sage, is disdaining to close his eyes to matters," said a New York capitalist, who was in town last week. "Don't you believe any such stuff and nonsense. I'll tell you a little incident that happened right under my own eye, only last week, that will dispense all such assertions. I was in Mr. Sage's office, waiting for him to finish a letter to his bank, and he was having a talk with him, when a messenger boy whom he had rung up came in. "Take this note down to No. 1200 Wall street, says Mr. Sage to the boy. 'No answer necessary. How much will that be?' "Twenty cents," replied the boy.

"Mr. Sage pulled a handful of gold pieces of large denomination out of his trousers pocket. Carefully turning over the gold coins, he got down to a new-shiny silver quarter. "You are a bright looking boy," said Mr. Sage to the lad, handing him the quarter. "You may keep the change and buy yourself a pair of shoes."—Washington Post.

EXPANSION'S TRUE IMPORT.

Secretary Long to Admiral Dewey.

"The lustre of the American navy was gloriously bright before, and you have added to it a new lustre. Its constellation of stars was glorious before, and you have added to it another star of the first magnitude. And yet, many of your grateful countrymen feel that, in time to come, it may be your still greater glory, because of the position which you hold under the providence of God, in the enfranchisement of those beautiful islands which make that great empire of the seas; in the opening of new markets, and the oppression of centuries, and in putting them on their way, under the protecting shield of your country's guidance, to take their place in the world's industry, the industries, the liberties and all the good things of the most enlightened and happy nations of the world so that generations hence your name shall be of them a household word, enshrined in their history and in their hearts. "Clouds and darkness may linger about them now, but the shining outcome is as sure as the rising of the sun. Whatever the passing tribulations and difficulties of the present moment, they will in due time, soon and surely give way to the dawn of a glorious new day—a day not of any mere selfish imperial dominion of one people over another but of imperial, moral and physical growth and expansion of the race, whatever their race, color, or language or color, who have come under the shelter of the broad shield of the United States of America. "By authorizing the presentation of this sword to you as the mark of its approval, the country has recognized, therefore, not only the great fruits which even have resulted from your victory, but also the responsibility to discharge the great trust which is thus put upon her and fulfill the duty of her growth and of the empire that is now her charge. It is a new demand upon all the resources of her conscious wisdom and courage. "It is a duty which is speedy and beneficent consummation of which she is entitled to the cordial help, sympathy and uplifting of all her citizens, not the faint hearted doubt and some results of many of them. It is a work on which she has entered the interest of early peace in these new lands, their stable government, the establishment of their own security and the American standards of prosperity and home. Let those who fear, remember that though her children, guided by you, took the wings of the morning and dwelt in the uttermost parts of the sea, even the hand of our fathers' God shall lead them and His right hand shall hold them. In this work, in view of the great part you have taken in the sudden development of her sovereignty, your full knowledge of the situation and the just order of her growth, and the hearts of all her people, she looks for your continued service and listens for your counsel in the high hope and purpose that the triumph she has achieved will be even greater than her triumph in war."

LITERARY NOTES.

According to the London Chronicle, "A Double Thread" by Ellen Thompson Powell, is the most successful novel of the summer in England. D. Appleton and Company are the American publishers of Miss Powell's novel. It is a new idea for an eminent man to superintend the preparation of his own biography, and its very novelty promises to make a particularly interesting book of the "Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan" which is to be published this fall by Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Co. Harry Stillwell Edwards, who a few years ago won the \$10,000 prize awarded by the Chicago Record for the best story of mystery, is the author of the complete novel appearing in the October number of the New York Liberator. This new novel is entitled "Love Across the Lines." Sir William Magnay, author of the new novel of London society and politics, "The Highest of the Season," is the second husband, having succeeded his father in 1871. He was born in November, 1855, and resides at Sussex Place, Regent's Park. His novel, which he described as a brilliant and caustic study of modern social and political life, will be published shortly by D. Appleton and Company. The October number of Mind, a magazine devoted to psychology, metaphysics and occult science, appears in an attractive form with an innovation in the way of illustration. The October issue, which is known as the "Greenacre number," contains a fine portrait of Miss Sarah J. Farmer, the dominant genius of the Montpelier School of Comparative Religion. Mind fills a mission in the literary world that is not attempted by any other magazine, and has a large following among the leading thinkers of the day. Joseph L. Stickney, who stood beside Dewey on the bridge of the "Olympia" throughout the battle of Manila Bay, is the author of the October issue of the Port Echo, a magazine of comparative religion. He has visited with him wherever he stopped, and had many interesting conversations with him, which form the basis of his article. The October issue of the Liberator would notify her by telephone how Dewey came to set his famous assignment. Admiral Sampson's generous tribute to

the victor of Manila Bay appears in the October Century, under the title of "Admiral Dewey as a National Hero." The name of Dewey is set beside those of Nelson and Farragut, each of these three admirals having rendered transcendent service to his country. "His career has given a lofty impetus to the young," writes Admiral Sampson, "which will bear fruit in nobler aspiration. He has become one of the most valued possessions which a nation can have—a national hero."

Dr. Horace Howard Furness' distinguished literary abilities and pre-eminence as a Shakespearean authority received recognition by Cambridge University, England, which recently conferred on him the degree of D. Litt., an honor shared by only two other American scholars, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Charles Eliot Norton. He has just returned to America; and an addition to his Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's Plays in announced for publication this fall by J. B. Lippincott Company, the new volume to be "Much Ado About Nothing."

A prominent feature of the Common Age for October is that devoted to the conversations with Lillian Whiting, one of the most advanced exponents of spiritualism in the New England States. An interesting article by J. A. Herne, the well-known actor, and Sam Walter Foss presents the second installment of his papers upon "The Past and Outlook for Poetry." The issue is full of carefully-prepared matter from cover to cover, and cannot fail to interest literature as well as those in search of knowledge concerning the habitation of spooks.

The new "Life of Thackeray," which Herbert S. Stone & Co. are to publish this fall, is really the first complete biography of the novelist which has been published. Curiously enough no one has ventured into this field with any thoroughness to close literary matters," said a New York capitalist, who was in town last week. "Don't you believe any such stuff and nonsense. I'll tell you a little incident that happened right under my own eye, only last week, that will dispense all such assertions. I was in Mr. Sage's office, waiting for him to finish a letter to his bank, and he was having a talk with him, when a messenger boy whom he had rung up came in. "Take this note down to No. 1200 Wall street, says Mr. Sage to the boy. 'No answer necessary. How much will that be?' "Twenty cents," replied the boy.

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No matter how hard you try of a better place to buy your office supplies and stationery than at our establishment. We carry our lines as near complete as possible. We cater for the up-to-date trade and if it's a good thing in office wants we have it. We still put the planetary pencil sharpener on trial in any office for ten days free of charge. Our line of Stationery and Engraved work is as dainty as ever and wish you to inspect our lines.

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FINLEY'S Blanket Sale.

A few interesting facts for "Blanket Buyers." Blankets never were cheaper than now—but will be a great deal higher—Blankets will be sold here "For One Week Only," cheaper than at any other time this season. Now is the time to buy Blankets—and HERE is the place to buy them, All Wool Blankets, in White and Colors—both 10-4 and 11-4 FOR THIS SALE ONLY

\$3.50 a Pair

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